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**FRANK LAYTON: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.**  
CHAPTER III.

HUNTER'S CREEK.—A KANGAROO CHASE.

"SHEPHERDS? Perhaps; but you may suit me better in another way. Can you ride?" To this

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question, put in a good-humoured tone by Mr. Bracy, an elderly personage, tall, slight, and muscular, quick in speech and active in movement, Frank promptly responded that he believed he could—a little.

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"New comers generally think so," said Mr. Bracy, with a laugh which might have implied a shade of doubt, if Frank had chosen to understand it so. "Well, we shall see. And your comrade?"

Simeon fancied he knew a thing or two about horses; and so he said.

"And cattle too, perhaps?" Mr. Bracy continued; "but that does not much matter. I want stockmen rather more than shepherds, and if you know nothing about stock, you soon will; but we can talk about that under cover; you are footsore, I see;" and as he spoke, he led the way towards the house, silencing, as he drew near, the furious barking of two or three dogs, as they sprang threateningly towards the strangers.

Whatever misgivings Frank might have had respecting the immediate success of the journey to Hunter's Creek were speedily dispersed; and early on the following morning, refreshed by a night's sound rest in one of the huts, our two friends, accompanying their employer, were cantering through the bush, towards an out-station, a mile or two away, Mr. Bracy said; which, in this instance, signified an unknown quantity—ten or twelve miles perhaps, possibly more. The out-station was beyond the hills which had attracted Frank's notice on the previous evening, and the way—for there was no road—was rough, and in some parts dangerously steep. Frank thought riding an improvement on walking, however, and he said so.

"So much the better," observed Mr. Bracy, "for your walking days are over for a time; and come," he added, directly afterwards, suddenly pulling up, and speaking quickly, "since you say you know how to ride, look yonder—there, there!" and pointing with the handle of his stock-whip down a precipitous descent, on the verge of which they had some time been making progress, he shouted out, "Hey, Brancher, Brancher, at 'em, good dog!" and, the next minute, was dashing downwards through the thick scrub into the valley below. The movement was so sudden that our two novices stared with astonishment. They had little time, however, to consider; for the horses they rode, rough and half-broken, plunged desperately into what seemed the fearful abyss, and, crashing on, followed hard in their master's track. Fortunately, Frank's boast that he could ride "a little," and Simeon's, that he knew "a thing or two about horses," were not unfounded; but they were out of practice, and it was as much as they could do to keep in the saddle, leaving their horses to take care of themselves, which they seemed to know how to do; and after leaping more than one chasm which would have made a fox-hunter nervous, and tearing through thick brushwood in their helter-skelter downward course, the riders found themselves close at Mr. Bracy's heels, galloping over an uneven, rocky, bushy dell.

"A queer start this, Frank Layton," exclaimed Simeon, when he had recovered breath; "what do you suppose this game's about, now?"

"Look, look; that will tell you," said Frank, in reply, urging his horse forward, and, in his turn, pointing to a large kangaroo a short way in advance of them, followed by the panting hound. Ten, twenty feet at a leap, and leap after leap over brushwood higher than the horses' heads, the

animal, finding itself pursued, moved swiftly on, and speedily distanced its pursuers, disappearing at length, after a hard chase of two or three miles, among the broken rocks on the farther side of the valley. Mr. Bracy drew rein then, and slowly turned his horse's head.

"I might have known there was no chance here," he said, "though I have seen the time when, with a good greyhound or two, I would not have turned tail on the biggest kangaroo that was ever suckled here or elsewhere. Here, Brancher, here, he-ere, boy!" he shouted, calling in his dog.

"Well, my men, you have had a taste of bush-riding now; and you'll do, with a little more practice," he added, approvingly; "but you'll have something to learn yet, I reckon. Not a bad start to begin with, either."

Frank thought so too; and wondered how many times a week he should be expected to risk his neck in galloping down a precipice, and how steep the next precipice would be. He did not give utterance to his thoughts, but asked whether animals of that description and size were common in the neighbourhood of the run.

"Neither of that size, nor any other," said Mr. Bracy. "Tis months since I saw a kangaroo. They were common enough a few years ago, when I first settled down here; I used to see droves of them, and hunt them too, starting them from our very door; but of late years, what with hunting, and shooting, and scaring, they have become pretty scarce all through the settlements: much in the same way as it has been with the natives."

"True, sir; the natives—we have not met with many specimens of them yet."

"And not likely to, hereaway," said the colonist. "Not but what there may be a good number of tame ones scattered through the colony; but the downright wild ones we don't often see, and don't want."

"They are mischievous then?" Frank asked.

"Pretty much what we have made them, for that," replied Mr. Bracy. "If we begin by hunting down and shooting men as if they were wild beasts, why, mischievous they will be when they can, I suppose."

"I should suppose so too, sir," said Frank.

"No doubt of it. Not but what they are bad and treacherous enough without provocation, as I can bear witness; but never mind that now. We had better push forward, and make up for lost time;" and striking upwards from the valley at a point triflingly less formidably steep than that by which they had entered it, the farmer and his new men continued their journey, and without further hindrance arrived at the out-station, or run.

Hitherto our two adventurers had received no particular instructions respecting their duties. Now, however, it struck Frank that a few words of explanation would be desirable, and he shaped a question accordingly.

"True," said Mr. Bracy. "Well, there is your home;" and he pointed out a rough construction of logs and bark at some distance below them, adjoining which was the stockyard—a large area stoutly fenced in with upright posts and horizontal rails. The yard was large enough to contain a

thousand head of cattle without crowding; but it was then comparatively empty.

"The stock is out on the run now," continued the owner. "They know the ground pretty well, and it is not necessary to bring them in o' nights—not all, at least; but Tom will make all this clear to you."

"The head stockman, I suppose, sir?"

"Head and tail both, just now; for he has been alone here some days, and when you came along I was puzzling to know how I should find help for him. One of his mates and the overseer are off to a new run with a draft from this; and the other was stupid enough, a day or two after, to catch a tumble, and is laid up at Hunter's Creek with a bagful of broken bones."

"A fair warning to us, sir," said Simeon, laughing, however.

"That's as you like to take it," said Mr. Bracy, coolly. "The chap had been out on a spree, as he said, and his head was too heavy for his heels—that's all. Well, here's the run; what do you think of it?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### STOCKMEN AT A RUN.—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

They were at this time descending a rocky pass which might at some distant period have been the channel of a narrow mountain stream, but it was now dry. On either side tall cliffs rose almost perpendicularly, nearly meeting at the entrance through which the riders had passed, and gradually receded from each other until they finally parted and spread out on either side, forming a natural boundary to a deep gorge in the mountains, of some considerable extent, a part of which only was visible from the point of view which our stockmen had attained. The stock-yard and hut were on the opposite side of the gorge, and separated from the thickly-wooded mountain which rose frowningly above it by a wide, marshy, sluggish stream, which found an outlet into the lower plains at the farther extremity of the run. On all sides, Mr. Bracy informed his new men, the run was tolerably well shut in by natural barriers, so as to secure the stock from straying, but not so entirely as to need no vigilance on the part of the stock-keepers, who, he took care to explain, were answerable for the safe keeping of the herd, and whose duty it was to keep the cattle within bounds, besides other minor details which were left for "Tom" to point out and explain. The vegetation of the run was sufficiently luxuriant; though, here and there, rocky and barren tracts, and, in other parts of the run, clumps of gum-trees and cedars, diversified the scene, which on every hand, at a greater or less distance, was shut in by rugged and dark-featured hills.

On the whole, the prospect was one of impressive loveliness, unequalled by any of Frank's previous experiences of the new country; but, in reply to his employer's question, he merely said that the run seemed capable of sustaining any reasonable amount of stock, and expressed his surprise that not a horn nor hoof was to be seen from their commanding position.

They were out at the further part of the run, Mr. Bracy explained; and after pushing on a mile or two further through the valley, the large herd

was at length visible, while the loud shouts of the solitary stockman, the barking of his dogs, and the loud cracking of his whip, announced both that he was on the alert, and that, just then, his hands were sufficiently full of business.

The greater part of the herd was quietly enough feeding; but on the outskirts of the camping-ground, and amidst a broad swampy piece of the valley, overgrown with tangled brushwood, a mob of young cattle, headed by a stout bull, were testing the skill and patience, and, we may add, the courage also, of their keeper. The bull and his followers were evidently determined to break away from the herd; while the stockman was equally determined to thwart their intentions and check their roaming propensities by galloping at full speed around the vagrants, and keeping his formidable stock-whip in full play. At length, just as the scene opened upon our travellers, the young bull, rendered savage by resistance and disappointment, lowered his head and charged furiously at the horse and his rider, who were chasing another part of the stragglers back to the herd. A sudden movement of the stockman saved him from the impending danger; and the bull, with a wild and ferocious bellow, after receiving on his flank the full weight of the tremendous lash of the whip, rushed past his antagonist and escaped into higher ground, followed by some half dozen of his companions; while the irritated stockman had to tax his horse's strength and speed to the utmost in preventing the final outbreak of the unruly portion of the herd which he had succeeded in heading.

"Now for it, my men!" shouted Mr. Bracy, laughing at the apparent bewilderment of his experienced stockman, and cantering quietly towards the escaped beasts, which were bounding rapidly onward. "The rascals seem to know when a station is short-handed; but there is a thing or two they have got to learn yet. Take a sweep to the right," he added, addressing Frank; "and you," turning to Simeon, "to yonder clump." And then, exchanging his easy canter for a sharp gallop, he met the bull, in full career, with a stroke of his whip, which sounded, as it descended, like the report of a pistol, and caused the infuriated beast to bellow with pain and rage, and, at the same time, to wheel round towards the clump of bushes which Simeon had by this time reached. Barnes had no whip, but snatching from his head the broad-leaved straw hat which he wore, he flapped it in the face of the bull, and succeeded in turning it towards the herd, while Frank, galloping in front of the other fugitives, stopped them in their course. Apparently the animals were conscious of the reinforcement; and finding their efforts to escape ineffectual, they quietly resigned themselves to their fate, and in a short time order was restored.

"Here, Tom Price!" shouted Mr. Bracy, as the stockman rode up to his superior; "I have brought helpers, you see; so don't look so glum."

"A'most time, sir," said the person addressed; "'tis a bit hard upon a fellow to be two stockmen and a hut-keeper all in one. And pretty raw, I take it, these chaps," he added, glancing at Frank and his companion.

"Not a bit of it, Tom," replied Mr. Bracy, heartily. "A week on the run with you, Tom,



will give them a seasoning, at all events, and I don't see that there's pluck wanted." Then, turning to Frank, he added a few words about supplies, and promised that when the drays returned to Hunter's Creek, his traps and Simeon's should somehow be sent to the run; and, without further ceremony, the farmer rode off, after a somewhat careless glance at the stock.

For a few minutes the men sat motionless, or nearly so, gravely taking inventory, perhaps, of each other. There was nothing particularly prepossessing, Frank thought, in the countenance, at any rate, of his new comrade; but this might be prejudice, or the dark framework of shaggy hair, whisker, and beard in which it was set, and which seemed to intimate that combs, brushes, and razors were considered by Tom Price as superfluous luxuries in the bush;—this dark framework, we say, might have imparted a characteristic and corresponding wildness to a quick and restless eye and a thin face sunburnt to the darkest brown. The man was athletic in appearance, and that he was active his recent exertions had sufficiently shown.

How long this examination might have lasted, on the part of Frank Layton, we cannot tell; for, to speak truly, he was somewhat offended at the slight cast upon his supposed qualifications by his future fellow-stockman, and waited patiently enough to see what further reception he should experience. But the man cut short the embarrassing silence with a loud laugh and a proffered shake of the hand, saying at the same time, "Well, I guess we shall know one another by-and-by. That's hearty now, I like that," he added, as Frank brought down his palm with some energy into that of the stockman; "we shall do, I can see. And this other chap?—"

"You might have known me afore, Tom Price, if your eyes are as good as they used to be twenty years ago, pretty nigh, when we was both of us young chaps at Wootton in the old country," said Simeon, looking the man steadily in the face.

"Wootton! old country!" exclaimed Tom, hastily; "who may you be, I wonder?"

"Let me be who I may, Tom, I didn't expect to meet you. Why, 'tis dead and buried you have been thought to be years and years ago."

"And I wish," said Price, gloomily, "that you, Simeon Barnes, had stopped at Wootton, or anywhere else, before you had come across me here, to rake up the old story that I thought was dead and buried. Know you! d'ye think I didn't know you? Well, it can't be helped," he added, more quietly; "and after all there isn't much in it; though what your friend here may say when he knows—"

"Let it remain dead and buried for me," said Frank; but he shrewdly guessed—and his guess was a true one—that, in his fellow-stockman, he had happened upon an emancipated convict.

#### CHAPTER V.

MELBOURNE IN 184.—PERCY EFFINGHAM.

As it is likely we shall meet with Percy Effingham in some future chapter, we may leave our two friends to cement their acquaintance with Tom Price, and to receive from him a few initiatory instructions, while we step back to the streets of Melbourne, and forward a few days in point of time.

Our readers will please to understand that our story commences some two or three years—we need not be very exact in the date—but say, some two years previous to the Australian gold discoveries, when the recently-founded capital of Victoria, which colony was then known as Port Phillip, had passed through its first struggles for existence, and was rapidly progressing in size, populousness, and prosperity. It was on the afternoon of a sultry day that the young man entered the outskirts of Melbourne, and became aware of its altered aspect. While he had been leading a nearly solitary life in the bush, new streets had sprung up in all directions; handsome buildings had been raised; mercantile establishments had expanded from the petty dimensions adapted to a small town to the growing capacities of a mercantile city; tradesmen exhibited in their large and handsomely fitted-up and fronted stores the costly luxuries of the home country, as well as the ruder, rougher articles of traffic necessary to the condition of new settlers in one of its distant colonies. Three centuries have wrought fewer changes in the outward appearance of any sluggish old city in Great Britain than three years had sufficed to bring about in the town whose streets Percy Effingham was now slowly pacing without any definite expectation or object.

The streets, if not thronged with passengers, were busily occupied. Many thousand souls had been added to its population since Effingham first trod the banks of the Yarra; and for these, or the working part of them, employment was needed, if it had not been found. We cannot say, however, that the increase of numbers had been a clear gain to the industrial or moral strength of the new colony. Idle, restless, improvident, and *fast* young men there were in abundance; youths who, like Percy Effingham, had worn out the patience, and drank deeply into the vices of the home country, and, as a last resort and forlorn hope, had been shipped to the antipodes, to sink or swim, starve or fatten, as the case might be. Of these, some had knowledge, experience, and talent enough to invite success; all that they needed was stability of character and dogged perseverance—qualities which they had never exhibited at home, but which sanguine friends and well-wishers fancied and hoped might be brought out by new scenes and urgent necessities. Others had neither knowledge nor experience. A boyhood of idle indulgence, perhaps, and a youth of impoverishing profligacy, had drifted them, like foul and worthless weeds, to the distant shore; cast off, in many cases, from home affection and abandoned to their own miserable devices, the most lively hope of former connexions being that the outcasts would die ere long and be forgotten, or that, living, the disgrace of their future courses would scarcely be wafted back on the winds of the widely separating ocean.

Then again, in the streets and purlieus of the rising town, and among its more recent inhabitants, were men who had brought with them the hardihood, and the vices also, of the neighbouring penal colonies; emancipated, or partially emancipated convicts, some of these, whom previous training had well enough adapted to the circumstances in which they were placed—men "up to

every move" by which, fairly or foully, fortunes are to be made in a thriving settlement, and with sufficient energy to make their way upward amidst discomforts, discouragements, and hardships from which most men of more regular habits would fall back in dismay, and by means which others of tenderer consciences would steadily decline.

Amidst this mass of unpromising material, however, was a fair proportion of better quality. Men there were whom disappointed hopes had thrust from home, but whose principles were firm, and who, gathering new strength as well as fresh caution and experience from their previous falls, were prepared to press bravely if slowly on, and step by step, through difficulties which might daunt a boastful swaggerer, until competence and rest should be attained. Such as these are rarely to be found among either the crushed and defeated ones, or the grumblers of these new homes. Nurturing no very extravagant expectations, and not hoping to reap without first sowing, they give stability to new colonies, and pave the way to future easier success for those who follow in their track. Younger men there were also, of adventurous spirit, who, preferring self-wrought independence to ease and genteel poverty, had thrown off the shackles of fashion and misallied respectability, and were ready to carve out for themselves, as far as men can do this for themselves, a new and honourable course of exertion.

We shall not apologize to our readers for this slight digression, for we wish our story to serve a useful purpose; and most earnestly we would urge, especially on young men who may be tempted to try their fortune, as they may term it, in the land of hope and promise in which our scenes are laid, that the foundation of true and lasting success there is the same as throughout the whole world everywhere—God's blessing resting upon skill, energy, perseverance, and honesty.

We were saying, then, that Percy Effingham, when he reached Melbourne, was objectless, and, by his own fault, destitute. His intentions, so far as he had any definite ones, were fair enough. He would, if matters could be so managed, retrieve himself from the position in which he was placed, work honestly and steadily, eschewing evil communications and practices, especially that of gambling, from the effects of which he was now smarting. Indeed, he had borrowed from Frank Layton's slender means on the express condition that the assistance given should be legitimately applied; and he certainly had no intention of breaking his promise. But, with the infirmity of purpose which characterized him, Effingham had squandered the greater part of the borrowed sum at one halting-place after another; and now, in a bushman's costume of fustian frock, and other garments thereto corresponding, all considerably the worse for wear and dirty, and with no means of bettering his appearance, he was aspiring to employment for which, if early education had fitted him, his recent occupation had yielded no further experience. And if the time had been when a rugged garb would have seemed to indicate no disqualification for a colonial mercantile situation, the young man had evidence enough before his eyes that such a matter was not now totally indifferent. A young man in the dress of a farm labourer,

though not friendless or unrecommended, would scarcely expect to find a seat open to him in a London counting-house; and, though the cases are not precisely parallel, yet, while men in good broadcloth, and fresh from the desk, with tolerably fair credentials too, were plentiful at that time in Melbourne as windfalls in a Devonshire orchard after a September gale, it was scarcely to be expected that our young ex-shepherd would outstrip his numerous competitors in the race for a clerkship.

It was, perhaps, a consciousness of this that impelled Percy Effingham, after a melancholy and laggard stroll through the principal and more cheerfully bustling streets of the town, to bend his steps towards the water-side, where, entering a low public-house for refreshment, he fell in with a small party of sailors belonging to a coasting-vessel which plied between Port Phillip and Sydney, and learned from them that he might, if he had a mind, work his passage to the latter port. He was told, also, with many shocking imprecations, that, for a fellow that was "down on his pins," there was not a place in the world equal to Sydney, where there was always something to be picked up. With the same restlessness and incertitude of purpose which had deceived him from his recent bush life, and the apparent hopelessness of obtaining employment at Melbourne, where he was told that, just then, there was a great number of fresh immigrants vainly seeking it, Effingham caught at the proposal. That same day he was drifting down to Williamstown in a tank-boat; and a few days later he was out at sea in a heavy gale.

#### ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

IT HAPPENED to be cited, some time ago, by the indefeasible challenge of a strip of paper in the form of a subpoena, backed by that ubiquitous solatium, a shilling, to give evidence in one of our metropolitan minor courts of justice touching a disgracefully common offence known in legal phraseology as an "assault and battery," which had come under my notice. It is not a pleasant thing to be made a partisan on either side of a quarrel, even for the administration of justice; but the law, not regarding your pleasures always, compels the complicity of a spectator occasionally, towards the obtaining of a true and honest verdict; and very properly too. If it were not so, brutalities of the kind would be more common than they are, and they have long been with us a national disgrace, a just cause of the odium and rebuke which on this sad score we incur from surrounding nations.

I was warned to be early in the court, as the case was expected to come on at the commencement of the day's proceedings; and accordingly, as soon as I had breakfasted, I set off to the office. But prompt and early as was my attendance, I found that I had been anticipated by at least a hundred people, and that the place was thronged with persons of both sexes, principally of the low and struggling classes of the labouring populace. In the court, as the ministers of justice had not yet taken their seats, proceedings had not commenced, and, finding that there was time to spare, I remained in the lobby, a small space not twelve

feet square, and abutting upon the street, where I was the witness of a curious and characteristic scene, the novel aspect of which struck me not very agreeably. The chamber was literally crammed with women of various ages, but of one wretched description, being the ill-used, ill-clad, and misery-worn wives and housekeepers of the most reckless rank of labouring men. Early as it was in the day, the breath of the wine-vaults—the unmistakable aroma of the gin-cask—exhaled from a score or two of unlovely lips in rapid motion, from which arose a Babylonian jargon of sounds and angry exclamations, mingled with chuckling laughter, that never paused for a moment. There they stood closely packed in the lobby, and every now and then their dense numbers were increased by the entrance of a new comer, who squeezed into a position amid the mass. Fast wedged in a corner myself, as a curious spectator, I was speculating in my own mind as to what kind of a women's convention this might be, and resolving, if possible, to fathom the mystery, when suddenly, from a narrow slip of a green-baize door on one side of the lobby, there darted in a shabby-looking, bald-pated clerk, with unctuous face and sparkling eyes, in which sat the expression of fiery haste combined with the most impassive stolidity of temper. In one hand he held a bundle of scraps of paper, and in the other a small greasy Testament with a brass diamond on a black cover; and behind his ear dripped a goose-quill shedding inky tears upon his coat-collar. He was immediately beset by every woman within reach of him, and was evidently expected to perform some indispensable service for all of them, which service each one desired to have first accomplished in her own behalf. But he was too well used to the business, whatever it was, to be put out of his way by their entreaties.

"Now then!" he roared, "what's all this noise about? Shut up, some of you, if you don't want to wait for two hours yet."

There was a partial silence immediately, or rather a subsidence of the jabbering noise into a subdued buzzing sound.

"Now, Mrs. Macmurrough," said the eager functionary, addressing himself to a stubborn-looking Irishwoman with blackened eyes and gashed lips, and tendering her at the same time the book which he held in his hand. The subject is too solemn for a jest, but he spoke with a rapidity which I am persuaded could be intelligible to no mortal ears, and emitted a series of sounds which I can only represent as follows—"Bubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-ubble-ubble—kiss-the-book-a-shilling."

Mrs. Macmurrough kissed the book, and paid the shilling. The administrator of the oath scribbled something on one of the shreds of paper, placed it in her hands, and pushed her instantly into the street, beginning his irreverent mumble the same instant with another candidate, who in about thirty-five seconds was also affidavited, documented, and summarily discharged into the highway.

For the best part of an hour this singular process went on, until at last, under this high-pressure working, the females cleared off very rapidly; and as they gradually disappeared, and a practicable thoroughfare was cleared into the office, I

begged a decent man who had taken up his position at the doorway, and was like myself contemplating the spectacle, to enlighten my ignorance on the subject.

"Is it possible you don't know?" said he, "after witnessing the whole transaction, and seeing the clerk swear out the whole lot?"

"I might have known, certainly," I replied, "could I have made out what the clerk said; but beyond the words, or rather the word, as he pronounced it, 'kiss-the-book-a-shilling,' I could hardly catch a single syllable."

"Well then, I'll tell you. You see these women are none of the tidiest sort; perhaps I might say that pretty nigh every one of them has got a taste for liquor, and what's more, most of them have got drunken husbands or 'masters.' A fondness for liquor takes people to the pawn-shop, and such people are too apt to go out of the pawn-shop into the public-house or gin-shop, where they soon get into a condition not the best, to say the least of it, for taking care of anything; and so it comes to pass every day in the year that lots of them lose the duplicates the pawnbroker gives them for their clothes or bedding. If the things are pawned for pretty near what they are worth, they put up with the loss, and buy more when they have the money, or do without them; but if the things are of value and only pawned for a trifle, they have to take their oath\* that they have lost the duplicate, and not disposed of it to another person, as is sometimes done, for a consideration. For the affidavit and a copy of it they have to pay a shilling, and this affidavit may be tendered to the pawnbroker in lieu of the missing duplicate when the goods are redeemed."

"Then all that crowd of women have recently lost the duplicates of property indispensable for their comfort—property which you think has been pledged to procure liquor?"

"Yes. There can't be a doubt of it, as to most of them, because they're a fighting lot, as you might see. Of course sober people are liable to an accidental loss, but with such a class as this 'tis a regular thing."

"No very gratifying solution of the mystery!" thought I, as I thanked my acquaintance of the morning for his information; "another disagreeable item to be appended to one's London experience of the chapter of accidents."

The case in which my evidence was demanded was now called on, and I soon found myself in the witness-box. I shall not detail the circumstances of an affair which differed in no material point from a thousand others with which the dwellers in great cities are made unwillingly familiar by the experience of every day. Suffice it to say that the guilty party obtained his desert, and, not being in a condition to pay for the privilege of maltreating his victim, had to suffer a month's imprisonment and hard labour.

There is always something interesting in the presence of Justice, whether she be wielding the sword or balancing the scales; and though I might

\* Surely this is quite a case in which the oath could with propriety be supplied by an affirmation. Nothing can be conceived more calculated than the scene detailed above, to lessen, in those who take it under such circumstances, the awful reverence which should attach to an oath.—Ed.



have retired before the hour of noon had struck, I lingered involuntarily as one case after another was decided, sympathizing now with the prisoner, now with the witnesses, now with the jury, in the faces of several of which last-mentioned persons it was very easy to read the intolerable irksomeness of the duty which had dragged them unwillingly from their business, that was suffering by their absence. To the crowd who filled the open court the whole affair appeared more like an exciting drama than a sober reality; and I could not escape the recognition of the fact that uneducated people regard a trial, no matter for what, more in the light of a lottery the result of which depends not so much, nor anything like so much, upon the rules of equity as upon the view the jury may happen to take of the question submitted to them. This much any spectator may gather from the general tone of the conversation carried on in any court of justice, civil or criminal, where he will always find that the result of the verdict is anticipated rather from the forensic reputation of the counsel employed than from the complexion of his case.

By-and-by there was an unusual stir as a young fellow was placed at the bar who was alleged to have been caught in the utterance of counterfeit coin. This was his second examination, and he had been in custody upon previous charges. He had been remanded a few days before at his own request, affirming that if time were given, friends would come forward to speak to his good character. Unhappily, however, the time allowed had produced a result the very reverse. No one came to pronounce him innocent, but three additional witnesses, who had been the victims of his fraud, attended to prove his guilt. Finding that his friends had deserted him, and that nothing more was to be got by submissiveness, he turned, like a stag at bay upon his pursuers, denied the truth of everything advanced against him, and denounced all the witnesses as conspirators resolved upon his ruin. Knowing that nothing had been found on him, he challenged the production of any evidence of his guilt beyond the single coin which, not doubting its genuineness, he had offered in payment. But a policeman, with whom he had fought desperately to prevent capture, swore to having seen him swallow several pieces of money, which, had they not been base metal, he would not have sought thus to conceal. The more appearances went against him, the more solemn and vehement were his asseverations of innocence. But they were all of no avail; he was fully committed for trial, the magistrate ironically complimenting him on his powers of speech, and was finally reserved for the Old Bailey Sessions.

Then came a case of assault arising out of circumstances contrived by one man to compel another to the practice of honesty. A horse-dealer had, more than twelve months previously, given a bill at a short date in payment of a debt. Being, however, an unprincipled fellow, and living, no man could confidently say where, he had succeeded in avoiding payment of the bill by keeping out of the way, and rendering the presentation of it impossible. The holder, finding he could not get the money, thought a horse would be better than nothing, and he induced a friend who was unknown to the defaulter to select an animal from the fel-

low's stock, and bargain for it, and to promise payment on delivery. The bargain was managed cleverly enough, and the buyer, having seen the horse safe lodged in his stable, and padlocked the door, tendered the dealer his own bill and a small sum by way of balance. The knave, seeing himself outwitted, flew into a rage, and like a furious madman assaulted the friendly middleman. He had, however, caught a Tartar, and got, first a good horsewhipping for his pains, then a warrant for the unprovoked assault, and, that being fully proved and substantiated by witnesses, finally a penalty to pay in cash, and a humiliating reprimand from the magistrate by way of remembrancer.

Of drunken cases, of cases of wife-beating, of picking of pockets, and stealing from shop-doors, I might if I chose record several, if any good purpose could be answered by it. That, however, is very doubtful. If such records have a salutary effect upon the public moral character, we ought to be a very moral people indeed; in which case police reports of crime and violence would by this time be novelties and rarities, instead of forming as they do the staple of that portion of the newspaper most thumbed by the common people. I am glad, however, to be able to express it as my individual conviction, (which others, perhaps, will share with me,) that considering the great increase of population which has taken place within the last quarter of a century, we are upon the whole going forwards, and not backwards, in morality as well as in civilization and the arts. We are at all events becoming alive to the duty of prevention as well as the right of punishment. Justice has condescended to slip aside that misplaced bandage from her eyes, and hesitates any longer to hew blindly with the sword amid the indiscriminate flock where the inexperienced and unhardened herd together with the reprobate and the callous-hearted. Mankind knows now that it is unjust to be unmerciful, and, further, that it is unprofitable too. To the spread of this conviction, and to the humane measures that will grow out of it, I look hopefully for the temporal amelioration of our social masses.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

THE affecting spectacle presented by Lady Franklin, who has now for several years been engaged in an unwearied, though hitherto unsuccessful, search for her husband, and towards whom so much public sympathy has been excited, is by no means an isolated case. A somewhat parallel instance of conjugal anxiety and devotedness happened, nearly half a century ago, in the person of Mrs. Bathurst, whose heart and home were suddenly made desolate by the mysterious disappearance of her affectionate partner, Mr. Benjamin Bathurst. This gentleman, (a son of the well-known bishop of Norwich of that name), who had devoted himself at a period of unparalleled commotion to the diplomatic profession, had been but a short time before this melancholy event despatched by the English cabinet as envoy extraordinary on an important secret mission to the court of Vienna. This appointment took place in the spring of the year 1809, just after Austria and Prussia in succession had bowed

to the military power of Napoleon. His diplomatic errand had, it appears, been fulfilled, and the return of the envoy was daily expected, when intelligence arrived of the disastrous event to which we are about to call the attention of our readers. The sad and exciting particulars are to be met with in the recently-published "Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. H. Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich," from the pen of his daughter. The strangeness of all the circumstances of the tragical case, and the impenetrable mystery that even to the present day has continued to enshroud the affair, in connexion with the official dignity of the hero, created at the time great excitement throughout Europe. In the narrative which we may present, it would be presumptuous in us to pretend to cast any certain light where all former investigators have found obscurity and confusion; the most that we aspire to do is so to arrange the facts elicited from time to time as to enable the thoughtful reader to form such conjectures as may not be very wide of the truth.

The anxiety of the family, as the period of Mr. Bathurst's anticipated return arrived and passed away, is most forcibly described by his distressed sister. "It was," she says, "a period of painful suspense; we knew the dangers to which he was exposed on his journey, surrounded as he was by enemies on all sides, while the impossibility of any intelligence being received of him by letter rendered us doubly anxious and uncertain. Day after day passed, and no tidings of him arrived. It was concluded that he had taken a circuitous route, and travelled incognito, to avoid falling into the hands of the French. Weeks, however, elapsed, and we still heard nothing of the missing one. The agonizing suspense of his wife and relations it would be difficult to describe. I perfectly well remember that every knock at the street door caused the liveliest emotions, arising from the hope that it might be our much-loved brother. At length, one evening in December, my father received an express from Lord Wellesley, requesting his immediate attendance at Apsley House, his lordship having something of importance to communicate. On my father's return, we were all alarmed at his pale and dejected aspect. He informed us that government had received intelligence of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of my brother at Perleberg, a small town on the route from Vienna, where he had stopped for rest and refreshment."

This distressing intelligence plunged the family into the deepest despondency and sorrow. But every conceivable effort was made to disperse the gloom that overhung their relative's sad fate. His friends offered 1000*l.* reward for any authentic information, to which the government added an equal sum—a sufficient inducement, one might have thought, to any individual who had it in his power to divulge the dark secret. His wife, instead of giving way to a wasting and effortless grief, nobly braced up her mind to activity, and explored the continent in quest of some traces of her missing consort. At the very outset of these sorrowful wanderings a circumstance occurred in connexion with the procurement of a passport, that would almost seem to fix upon Napoleon a knowledge of, or complicity in, the inexplicable transaction. When on the eve

of starting, in the spring of 1810, Mrs. Bathurst wrote to Napoleon for passports to guarantee her unmolested freedom in prosecuting her travels and inquiries. Fearing his refusal, she afterwards resolved to set out, without waiting for a reply to her application, by the Baltic, intending to enter Prussia by Pomerania, and with Swedish passports. This change of purpose was kept a profound secret. The journey was made in safety to Berlin, where she went to the French minister, who at the time was all powerful in the country, and, disclosing to him her intentions, solicited his protection. On making this appeal, what was her astonishment to find that passports had already been sent for her from Paris, bearing the emperor's signature. It was afterwards supposed, with considerable show of reason, that Napoleon had been apprised of the intended movements of the devoted wife through the medium of a French spy, named Count d'Entraigues, then resident in London, and who, on the discovery of some double dealing on his part with the two hostile cabinets, was shortly afterwards assassinated—it was suspected at the instigation of the French government—by his Italian servant. The lady visited Perleberg, the scene of the melancholy event, and spent some time in various parts of the continent, wherever the slightest promise of meeting with a clue existed; but all her researches were in vain. The most conflicting facts were elicited, out of which it was impossible to form any coherent or consistent story. Whether he was dead or still alive; whether he had absconded voluntarily or had been the victim of a violent abduction; whether, if dead, he had perished by his own suicidal hand, or fallen beneath the stroke of some marauding murderer, or been the prey of political assassination, were questions which were still left unsolved, and which to this day remain unanswered.

We will now present, as concisely as possible, a view of the circumstances attending this tragical event. They are as follows. On Saturday, the 25th of November, 1809, there arrived at the post-house in Perleberg two travellers, accompanied by a servant. They were *en route* from Berlin to Hamburg, and travelled under fictitious names. The one was Mr. Bathurst; of the other, his companion, but little is known, and that little invests him and his conduct with much ambiguity. Their actions were marked by an air of unaccountable indecision. Horses were ordered immediately on their arrival, but were afterwards countermanded. One of the travellers, too, it is said, went to the Prussian governor of the town, captain Klitzing, and requested of him a safeguard, as he did not feel himself safe in the post-house. This request was complied with; but at seven o'clock in the evening the soldiers were dismissed. Mr. Bathurst was evidently labouring under some terrible apprehensions. It is stated that during part of his stay he was engaged in writing in a small room of the house, with numerous papers scattered around him, and some of which he was seen to burn. One account stated that he had been observed standing before the kitchen-fire, in the midst of postilions, ostlers, etc., and that here he pulled out his watch, as well as a well-furnished purse, in the presence of these people, some



of whom, it was suspected, had been thereby tempted to hustle him away for the purpose of robbing and destroying him. In favour of this view, it may be stated that a certain ostler absconded immediately after Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, and has never since been heard of.

About nine o'clock in the evening the horses were again ordered to be yoked to the carriage; and during the packing of the carriage Mr. Bathurst suddenly absented himself, and returned no more. Inquiries and searches for him proving fruitless, the man-servant went to the governor Klitzing to apprise him of the circumstance. The governor sent immediately for the local authorities of Perleberg, and charged them to make all possible inquiries into the case. As regards the other traveller and the servant, lodgings were procured for them at an adjoining hotel, and a safeguard of cuirassiers was provided for their protection. All the property of Mr. Bathurst was put under sequestration, with the exception of a rich fur cloak, which was missing. Meanwhile, during the search of the town by the magistrates, Klitzing had gone to a ball at the Crown hotel. On the following morning the governor was informed by one of the magistrates that all their investigations had been ineffectual; and after charging them to endeavour to discover the pilferer of the cloak, he intimated that he was going on a journey for a few hours. This journey of a few hours, however, was extended to Monday evening, and, although ostensibly undertaken for the purpose of obtaining instructions from Berlin, has much that is suspicious about it, especially when viewed in connexion with subsequent circumstances. During his absence the municipal authorities had been making diligent investigations relative to the abstracted cloak, which none of them had ever seen; and thinking that the servant would be able to describe it so as to lead to its identification, he was fetched from the hotel where he was in detention, and his depositions taken down. The notes containing them appear to have been destroyed—a very irregular and suspicious proceeding. After this examination, the man was taken back under the same escort to his hotel or prison. When this proceeding became known to Klitzing, he was highly indignant, and complained to the chief magistrate of the arbitrary nature of their proceedings, and of the undue importance with which they invested the case. In fact, this very proper act of the civil authorities led the governor to impeach them at head-quarters, and created a feud and dissension which lasted for many weeks, and meanwhile effectually prevented a proper sifting of the whole affair. Even some of the parties implicated in the appropriation of the cloak were called before the military authorities for the purpose of supplying evidence against the magistrates, instead of being examined in reference to the lost traveller. These and other circumstances look uncommonly like an attempt on the part of the governor to frustrate and stifle the inquiry. Notwithstanding these suspicious circumstances, there was no clear proof of Klitzing's participation in the guilty deed. Indeed, he is said to have been a Prussian officer of the most honourable character, and not at all likely to degrade himself into a tool for the execution of Napoleon's unscrupulous schemes.

The travelling companion of Bathurst, singularly enough, does not appear in any of these transactions, and the next time we hear of him is three weeks after the sad occurrence, when an intimation is seen in a Berlin paper by the chief magistrate of Perleberg, that an unknown person, passing himself off as merchant Kruger, had arrived in Berlin from Perleberg. Inquiries were immediately made respecting him; and for this exhibition of official zeal the police-president expressed his thanks, and at the same time assured the Perleberg authorities that "all was right," the pretended Mr. Kruger being the companion of the missing envoy. To our minds this circumstance is full of sinister significance; and we find that on the minds of many persons an impression has prevailed that this seeming stranger was an agent of the French police, who had been thrust upon the unfortunate man, under some pretext or other, as a companion, with instructions to dispose of him the first convenient opportunity. A consciousness of his critical position, and perhaps a presentiment of his impending fate, would thus explain the intense anxiety under which he appeared to have been labouring, and justify his application for a safeguard. Mr. Bathurst, it appears, had been warned by some friend in Berlin to beware of his attendant, while his suspicions of treachery had been strengthened by finding upon him a bill for 500*l.*, which he regarded as a bribe.

The missing cloak was found in the possession of the family of the ostler, Schmidt, but as the judicial investigation threw no light upon the cause of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, we pass over this branch of the affair with the remark, that the son of the compromised ostler, Auguste Schmidt, who bore a notoriously bad character in the town, together with his mother was sentenced to eight weeks' imprisonment. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that no attempt was made to elicit from the parties popularly supposed to be implicated, any such information as would be likely to lead to important disclosures. The case of the cloak was used to smother that far more momentous one concerning the doom of the vanished man. All the documents necessary for their guidance were scrupulously kept from the magistrates. It is clear that the court of civil justice in Perleberg was overawed by the military authorities, who in their turn were still haunted by the terror inspired by the recent French occupation. To save appearances, however, the magistrates were charged by Klitzing to adopt some active measures for the discovery of the body. A reward of ten thalers was offered to any one who should bring Mr. Bathurst to him, either dead or alive. The adjoining river Steppenitz was let off during two days by the mill-master, and searched through with boats and people on foot. Citizens, peasants, gamekeepers, huntsmen, and others rummaged during several days with hounds, sticks, and other instruments all the land-marks, every barn, hedge, ditch, and wood, but without success. The local authorities meanwhile carried on their searches in the town and the gardens round about with the same anxiety; while the cellars and lofts of all such houses wherein it could be ascertained that Auguste Schmidt had been dancing, drinking, or visiting, underwent a special scrutiny. The

cellar of the town-hall, which was used as a wine-shop, and the post-house were inspected, boxes and chests opened, and the loose ground turned over by policemen. The same was done in all suspected houses, covered outlets, and fountains, but without the slightest trace being discovered.

Three weeks after this unsuccessful search, and a fortnight after the stealthy retreat of the second stranger, a pair of pantaloons was found in a secluded spot on the borders of a fir-wood near Perleberg. They were discovered by a female named Wiede, who had ostensibly gone thither for the purpose of gathering some brushwood, in company with the wife of a shoemaker. The pantaloons were turned inside out; they were perforated with two ball holes, and were lying on the ground at full length. In one of the pockets there was a letter from Mr. Bathurst to his wife, scribbled on a scrap of paper, which was safely conveyed to her. It contained a representation of the dangers to which he was exposed from his enemies, and expressed great fears that he should never reach England, and that his ruin would be brought about by Count d'Entraignes and the Russians. It was the general impression that the pantaloons had been laid there for the purpose of creating a false impression that their wearer had been murdered and then stripped. But had such been the case, from the immense fall of rain during those six weeks, the writing must have been totally washed out and the paper itself completely macerated. The women underwent a severe examination, the fir-wood was again scoured, and the whole neighbourhood searched afresh, the peasantry receiving for their trouble a cask of beer and ten quarts of brandy. The women, too, were handsomely rewarded. But every clue to the elucidation of the mystery was still denied.

As soon as the distressing event became known in England, public opinion at once, notwithstanding the attempts of the French ministerial paper to mystify the matter by insinuating doubts respecting the sanity of the victim, ascribed the deed to the French government, who, it was well known, were most unscrupulous in such matters when state purposes could be subserved by the seizure of important papers. Admitting the existence of a sufficient motive, Napoleon would have had no difficulty in effecting his odious object, for at that time a completely organized army of secret police was spread all over the continent. Still, even they could not act by magic, and it might have been supposed that in the abduction of Mr. Bathurst at least some satisfactory trace would have been left to indicate the agency employed and the end to which he came. In confirmation of this view, it is recorded that during the search, a lady of Magdeburg, a town about fifty miles from Perleberg, had been told at a ball by the governor of the adjoining fortress, that the English ambassador was confined therein. The agonized wife, hearing of this during her continental explorations, waited upon the governor, and imploringly begged of him to reveal the truth. He did not deny his former words, but said it was a mistake of his; the person in question was one Louis Fritz, a spy sent out by Mr. Canning. Mrs. Bathurst then asked to see this man, but was told that he had gone to Spain. Subsequent inquiries

at the British foreign-office proved that no such person had ever been employed by the English government. The probability, therefore, would seem to be strong that the unfortunate envoy perished in the fortress of Magdeburg.

It is but fair, however, to state that other circumstances and stories, fabulous or true, do not seem to harmonize with this hypothesis. Some have contended that he might have died by a desperate act of suicide, to give a colour of likelihood to which it is affirmed that the wife of Schmidt had purchased some gunpowder for him just before his disappearance. But other and more obvious considerations will readily suggest themselves to account for this precaution. Some, again, have supposed that he perished at sea in an attempt to escape from the foes by whom his steps were dogged. It is certain that, in one of the last letters ever received from him, mention is made of his intention to return by Colberg and Sweden; and a tale is still current to the effect that very late on that fatal night, an English traveller called at the house of a sort of consul near the sea-coast, a considerable distance from Perleberg. The master of the house not being at home, the servant asked what name she should mention. "Never mind that," was the reply; but she was requested to say that an English gentleman requested to see him next morning at the post-house. Thither the consul accordingly repaired next day, and was told that a person had been there, but on quitting had left no message. The sequel to this version is, that two boats foundered at sea about this time, in one of which it was conjectured that Mr. Bathurst was attempting to make his way to Sweden. But upon this hypothesis, how are we to account for the subsequent discovery of his trousers?

By others a strong persuasion is entertained that the unhappy man was decoyed into another part of the town and murdered. No vestige of the crime appearing after the ransack of the neighbourhood, it has been concluded that the body was borne to a distance and buried in the sand, upon which all traces of recent disturbance would speedily be obliterated. Traditions illustrative of these impressions are current in and around Perleberg even to the present day. As we have already hinted, Auguste Schmidt was very strongly suspected. He was known to have come much in contact with Mr. Bathurst during the afternoon, and on the night of the disappearance he was absent. Six months afterwards he was arrested and tried, probably at the request of the friends of the deceased; but nothing could be substantiated. Another piece of criminatory evidence, too, has come to light, which is deserving of notice, though we cannot say precisely how far it is worthy of credit. According to the testimony of a lady still, we believe, living in Perleberg, and who at the time of the tragedy was a young woman, having the charge of the household with which governor Klitzing lodged, Mr. Bathurst paid a visit to the house at about five o'clock in the evening. At the governor's request, she prepared for him some hot tea, he being at the time shaking with cold or with fright, and altogether in a lamentable condition. She also for a few moments conversed with the stranger in a mixture

of German and French. He told her that he was much cast down, and that he must be quickly off. He had on him at the time a magnificent fur cloak. He expressed himself very grateful for the refreshing tea, and pressed upon the girl the acceptance of something for her trouble, which, however, as it was stated, she refused. On quitting the house, the stranger turned in the direction directly opposite to that in which the post-house stood. At this she was astonished. Shortly after he had turned the corner of the street, Auguste Schmidt called, and inquired about the stranger. She pointed out to him the course he had taken, and expressed a conviction that Schmidt speedily overtook him. In a few hours the town was in a commotion. If this tale could be relied on, the presumptive proof of guilt is very strong against this disreputable character. But during a second visit to Perleberg by the sister of Mrs. Bathurst in 1852, she had an interview with this witness, now the wife of a physician, in the course of which admissions were made which considerably impaired the force of her testimony. Still all the main facts were adhered to; though, as the writer says, "she spoke in so hurried and excited a manner, that it appeared like a story told by rote, and made up according to directions at the time."

It is singular that just before the visit of Mr. Bathurst's sister to the scene of such melancholy associations, a skeleton had been discovered under the kitchen floor of an old house which had just been pulled down. An investigation took place at the time by the order of the Prussian government. The skull and a detached part of the lower jaw-bone were submitted to the lady's examination; but there was ample evidence in the form of the forehead to satisfy her that it did not belong to her missing brother.

In the documents from which the foregoing facts have been derived, there is a thrilling narrative of the career of another notorious character, a woman named Hacker, who, with her husband, occupied a house in the direction pursued by Mr. Bathurst after leaving Klitzing. Schmidt was much accustomed to frequent this disreputable resort. At the time of the occurrence, several French soldiers were residing there, and three days after the disappearance, the Hackers left the town. Some years afterwards, when the woman was in prison for some swindling transaction, she pretended to disclose the real author of the crime, but subsequently confessed that the story was a pure fabrication. Thus it would indeed appear that the real facts of this distressing case are hopelessly buried in oblivion, and will probably never be divulged until that day when "the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed," and when "every man shall give an account of himself unto God."

### WHY DOES NOT ENGLAND GROW ALL HER OWN COTTON?

A MOMENTOUS question this, and well worth the most serious consideration and closest inquiry. If there is any one branch of British skilled labour which, *par excellence*, finds a market for its products over nearly every portion of the habitable globe, it is the cotton fabrics of Manchester. From Iceland to the Austral-land, from South America to Madagascar, they are in constant and steadily increasing demand. All civilized peoples are our customers for them, and all savage tribes barter their barbarian wealth for the coveted prints from the looms of Lancashire. The South Sea Islander would *taboo* anything rather than them; the Canadian Indian proudly presents them to his greasy squaw; the dusky Hindoo loves their gaudy colours; the sable African wraps them around him, and struts about with the pride and complacency of a peacock. It is calculated that at least three millions of British people earn their bread from day to day solely by cotton as an element of industry, and yet we are at this moment almost entirely dependent on the slave states of America for our supply of the raw material, and its consumption is increasing yearly at a prodigious rate. Is England sincere in her loudly-reiterated denunciations of slavery? Does she really wish to see it extinguished in America? Yet more, does she wish to raise her own cotton—every pound of it—of equal or superior quality to the American, in her own colonies? That she *can* do this if she will we shall endeavour to show; but first we will very briefly glance at the present history of cotton manufactures.

During the first five years of the eighteenth century "the average consumption of cotton wool," says Mr. Bazley, the president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, "was little more than one million pounds weight per annum; and during this period the workpeople employed would not exceed, of all ages and classes, more than 25,000; but at the close of that century the consumption had increased to 52,000,000 of pounds, and the workers, in every department of the trade, to upwards of 125,000: a most important and varied industry having thus arisen. Some specimens of cotton are now before us, and among them will be found a sample of as good and fine cotton as probably has ever been grown in any country; but which owes its origin to no tropical climate, *having been produced within the walls of a Manchester spinning-factory!*" The first small importation of cotton from the United States occurred so late as 1787, within the memory of many individuals. In the same year we received from the West Indies six millions pounds weight, and fourteen millions pounds from French, Spanish, Dutch, and Portuguese colonies, and from Turkey and the Levant, making twenty millions pounds in all. It will give some idea of the marvellous increase of the trade since then, to state that in 1851 the consumption in the United Kingdom was above 760 millions of pounds weight; and this consumption is yearly increasing at such a rate as causes anxious inquiries to be made as to where the future supplies are to come from. As an example and proof of the prosperity of the cotton manufactures, and

**HOW TO BUILD A HAPPY HOME.**—Six things are requisite. Integrity must be the architect, tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.



their natural extension, we quote the following from a recent report of Mr. Leonard Horner, factory inspector:—"That the profits of factories continue, on the average of years, to be attractively remunerative, the following facts of the investment of fresh capital in them abundantly prove. In the year ending 31st of October, 1852, no less than eighty-one new factories have been built or set to work, having begun to be built in the preceding year, in my district, with an aggregate power of 2240 horses. Of these, seventy-three, with 2064 horse-power, are cotton-mills. In addition to these, in thirty-one long-established cotton-mills, the proprietors of which are men of thorough knowledge and long experience in the trade, additional engine-power has been set up to the extent of 1477 horses. The 3717 horse-power will give employment to probably no less than 14,000 additional hands. To give an idea of the magnitude of some of these new concerns, I may mention that one of the cotton-mills is 410 feet-long, 76 wide, has six stories, a power of 150 horses, and will run 126,000 spindles."

We mentioned that in 1851 our consumption of cotton wool was 760 millions of pounds; and it may be interesting here to subjoin from an eminent authority what the supplies were in the same year. Of foreign supplies we received from the United States 1,393,700 bags; from Brazil 108,700 ditto; from Egypt 67,400 ditto; making a total of 1,569,800 bags. Of colonial, from the East Indies, 328,800 bags; from the West Indies 4900 ditto; the grand total thus being 1,903,500 bags. Mr. Bazley remarks on this subject: "Of these supplies, not less than sixteen millions sterling were paid for foreign cottons. The quantity consumed of colonial was only one-fifth, or 20 per cent. of the foreign; but only two millions were paid for the latter; these two millions having no relative proportion to the value of the former, as the colonial, for one-fifth in quantity, yielded only one-eighth, or 12½ per cent. of the sum paid for foreign; the value of the whole having been eighteen millions sterling. Shall not such a supply of raw cotton be deemed limited and confined? Would not such a trade as cotton affords to this country be on a safer basis if this material could be obtained from a hundred sources rather than from only one important field of cultivation?" Verily!

The cotton-tree will flourish in every tropical clime, and in many climes not exactly tropical. The West Indian Islands could produce it quite as abundantly, and of as good quality, as the southern states of America; but owing to culpable indifference on the part of both planters and the home government, the cultivation of cotton there has retrograded from year to year. In Africa, at Port Natal, cotton has been produced of first-rate quality, and it is said that its culture might be promoted to a very great extent. In Australia, many competent authorities affirm that cotton can be grown sufficient to supply all the demands of the British manufacturers; but we apprehend that for many years to come it would be impossible to compete with other cotton-growing countries, on account of the immense cost of labour in that colony. Still, the day may come, and probably will come, when what is at present a theory will be a magnificent fact. But, above all other places,

let us learn to look to our mighty East Indian colonies for the main supply. Here is no theory nor guess-work in the case. For at least three thousand years the cotton-plant has flourished in its native Indian soil; and although its quality is somewhat inferior to that of the American cotton, yet it probably only requires cultivation to render it equal. Recent imports are of a quality quite good enough for all general purposes, and to this effect we have the distinguished testimony of Dr. Royle, the botanist to the East India Company, who says that there are "sufficient proofs that India is capable, in many parts, of producing good and serviceable cotton, and at a rate sufficiently cheap to contend even against the large returns of American farming." The cost of production must always be taken into consideration, and the cost of Hindoo labour would probably not amount to one-fourth of that of American slave-labour. Mehemet Ali commenced the cultivation of cotton in Egypt in 1821, and from that time forward Egypt has steadily increased her annual production. We read awhile ago in the papers, that a young Englishman had been sent out to Egypt to superintend the packing and cleaning of the Pasha's cotton, and the secretary of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce has already received twenty small bags as a sample of the improved method, and the cotton they contain is pronounced of very fine quality—not finer, however, than our own West Indian colonies could produce in unlimited abundance. Again, to say nothing of Natal, we have many settlements and possessions on the coast of Africa, where we are assured that the soil and climate are so peculiarly adapted for the growth of cotton that it could be obtained as good in quality and as plentiful as from the American plantations. Why not employ the negroes on their own native ground? Show them that it is more profitable than kidnapping their fellow blacks, and they will not long hesitate which calling to prefer. When we consider that Great Britain possesses far more soil particularly adapted for the growth of cotton than all the rest of the world together, well may we quote with feelings of amazement the startling assertion and comments of Mr. Bazley, who tells us that it is a fact that "a piece of ground, of only the extent of our English county of York, would, if of suitable soil, and in a genial climate, yield more cotton than the existing extensive consumption of Great Britain requires! Yorkshire contains about four millions of statute acres; and as the best soils of the United States yield more than one bag of cotton per acre, the production of that extent of land would be four millions of bags per annum; hence an ample margin has been left in this estimate of productive capability, as the present yearly consumption of the United Kingdom is below two millions of bags. Do not the British colonies contain a multitude of patches of most excellent but uncultivated ground of the size of Yorkshire, all adapted to the growth of good cotton? and why cannot the parent race of the Anglo-Saxon achieve in colonial industry those triumphs of energy and labour which honour them at home in their manufacturing, or in the cultivation of their native land, and which their descendants display in the United States?"

The Great Exhibition of 1851 abundantly de-

monstrated that not only the continental countries of Europe, but also the northern states of America, are becoming most formidable rivals in the art of cotton manufactures. England no longer can boast exclusive skill in this great branch of human industry. The improvements in our machinery, and the matured skill of our factory operatives, are closely emulated by jealous and energetic rivals. At present, however, we compel them, by our enormous capital and sleepless enterprise, to keep in our rear; but it is evident that the distance, so to speak, between them and us is yearly lessening. Stationary we cannot remain. The hour when improvements in our machinery and the quality and cost of production ceases to tend towards perfection and economy combined will ring the first knell of the downfall of British manufacturing supremacy. Unremitting invention and progress alone can maintain us in our existing rank of world-manufacturers; and certainly it seems the height of folly to permit ourselves (when it is in our power to obviate the necessity) to be dependent on our most active and powerful rivals for the raw material itself. The Americans are keenly alive to this anomalous and suicidal position of ours, and their planters believe and know that we "Britishers" cannot manage any way without their crops of cotton, and they from time to time make us pay smartly for our own wilful foolishness in keeping ourselves in such a "fix." We never have much more than a couple of months' supply of cotton on hand, and frequently much less. Occasionally a failure of the crop necessarily puts us in jeopardy, and about as frequently it happens that the shrewd speculators make a bold and partially successful attempt to injure or ruin our manufacturers by a monopoly of the produce of the plantations. In one instance, according to Mr. Frederick Warren, of Manchester, a monopoly of this sort compelled us to pay an extra price, which amounted to between 4,000,000*l.* and 5,000,000*l.* in a single year! The American government maintains such high protective duties on British manufactures that it is clearly the aim of their policy to beat us entirely out of their home markets by encouraging their own manufacturers, well knowing that we cannot obtain raw material but from their country, and that consequently we *must* buy it of them at any price. Moreover, independent of the good-will of the southern planters to keep us in supply, events may occur which will place it out of their power—such as a general failure of their crops, or a war between England and the United States.

Give us fields whence to draw our supplies of cotton—fields of our own in different quarters of the globe, so that it would be hardly possible in the natural course of events for a failure of the crop to happen simultaneously in all—at a much less cost than prevails under the present system, and then Old England may go on extending her manufactures in an ever-increasing ratio, and by the blessing of God on her ripe skill, and energy, and hoarded wealth, challenge all the world to beat her, or even to rival her, in the glorious contest. But if we recklessly neglect to avail ourselves of the capabilities for producing our own raw material that Providence has placed at our command, and if we continue blindly to rely on a rival country for our supplies, it may come to pass, at

no distant period, that we shall have a bitter awakening from our sluggish dream, and that our title of Manufacturer of the World may sound in the ears of posterity only as a reminiscence of glories never to return.

#### MEMORIALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THE history of this work is curious. It was promised to the public for almost forty-six years, and has had no less than three successive editors: the second lord Holland, Mr. Allen, and finally lord John Russell. The causes of delay seem to have been, that the materials were widely scattered, and the editors much occupied with either literature or politics. The two volumes now issued are, as their title imports, simply a collection of letters and anecdotes; but round the name of Fox there hangs an unchanging interest. The rival of Pitt, the hope of the whig party in times when England was divided between whig and tory, and Europe was shaken by wars and revolutions whose dregs still trouble the statesman, the fame of his political talents has survived at once tory and whig; and the love and reverence with which contemporaries regarded his personal character, in spite of the early and open vice that stained it, have outlived themselves, and been bequeathed to their posterity.

Charles James Fox was the third son of Henry, first lord Holland, and born in London on the 24th January, 1749. His family, though highly connected, was not ancient; its founder being sir Stephen Fox, the grandfather of Charles James, a man of humble origin, but worldly-wise and fortunate in court patronage, and credited with honest principles in the profligate days of Charles II. Of this ancestor an amusing anecdote is told. He was a high tory; and some of our readers may not be aware that the said designation, in the early part of the eighteenth century, signified an adherent of the exiled Stuarts. Like some of the best men of his party, sir Stephen regarded the execution of Charles I as a national crime; and every 30th of January his house was hung with black, no meals were allowed after midnight, and the day was kept as one of signal mourning. To the children, however, it became a high holiday. The old housekeeper, apprehensive that they might suffer from fasting, supplied them clandestinely with all manner of sweetmeats, and they in consequence anticipated the 30th of January with more eagerness than Christmas itself. The eldest of the children was lord Holland; but politics had changed, and the Stuarts gone almost out of memory before the childhood of his celebrated son.

By his family and friends the extraordinary abilities of the boy seem to have been early observed. At a preparatory school kept by a Frenchman, M. Pampellonne, at Wandsworth, he made rapid progress, though of delicate constitution. His father used to say it was Charles's health, and not his learning, that he doubted. His character, too, was remarkably amiable, generous, and high-spirited, and it is not surprising that noble relatives and family friends should have united in loving, praising, and perhaps spoiling him. Lord Holland himself, though a good father carried his

paternal indulgence far beyond the bounds of duty or prudence; and to this mistaken kindness his wisest friends attributed the reckless dissipation of Fox's youth. From Pampellonne's school he went to Eton, but was month after month taken home for amusement. He saw the coronation of George III in Westminster Abbey; went with his father to Paris, where men of rank and celebrity praised and predicted all sorts of greatness for him; was taken to Spa, where he learned the prevalent vice of gaming, though but a mere child; came back to Eton to be half envied, half snubbed by both boys and master for his early notoriety; and left them, to his own satisfaction, for Hertford college, an ancient foundation in Oxford, now extinct, but then presided over by the celebrated Dr. Newcome, afterwards primate of Ireland.

Here he studied with unwearied application, employing his leisure hours in acquiring a knowledge of modern literature, in which he was ably assisted by a friend and fellow-student, in process of time known to the world as Dickson, the bishop of Down. From some accident, the friends found themselves destitute of money at the beginning of a vacation, and resolved to try their strength on a pedestrian journey to Holland-house, a distance of fifty-six miles, which they accomplished; but, on the way, Fox was obliged to deposit his gold watch with the landlord of a small inn at Nettlebed, by way of pledge for a pot of ale with some bread and cheese.

In 1766 Fox left Oxford, and spent the two following years in making the tour of the continent, and perfecting his knowledge of the French language, which he is said to have spoken better than any Englishman of his day. Men of all ages and parties seem to have entertained great expectations of him; and he was returned for the borough of Midhurst in 1768, when little more than nineteen, and made his first speech when scarcely twenty. It consisted of a few words on a point of order; but his second, in defence of Wilkes's expulsion from the house, attracted much attention; and Mr. Surtees, known in our own day as the antiquary and poet of Durham, but then acting as a reporter, made a singular sketch of him. By an absurd regulation of the period, no pen, pencil, or paper was allowed to be used in the house by strangers; but Surtees was so struck with the face and figure of the young orator that he tore off a fragment of his own shirt, and sketched them on it with a burned stick.

Preocious in all things, Fox, when only just of age, confuted the veteran barrister, Wedderburn, on a point of law; and some months after was appointed one of the lords of the admiralty. These were the days of men, not measures. One reads of the Bedfords, Cavendishes, Shelburnes, and Grenvilles striving for office, and labouring for or against each other, as if the business of the nation consisted in family aggrandisement. Glimpses of the great Chatham, in the ill health, wilfulness, and vanity of his latter years are also seen in Fox's correspondence, and sad evidences of the state of public morals in the highest ranks become visible too. "They had a club at Almacks, in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of 50*l.* each, and generally there was 10,000*l.* in specie on the

table. They began play by pulling off their embroidered coats, and put on frieze, or turned them inside out for luck; pieces of leather, such as are worn by footmen when they clean knives, to save their laced ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and prevent tumbling their hair, they wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, adorned with flowers and ribbons, and masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinze. Each gamester had a small neat stand by him to hold his tea, or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu to hold his rouleaus."

Into this fashionable dissipation Fox plunged deeply. He was known to continue at the gaming-table for two-and-twenty hours, and lose eleven thousand pounds in one sitting. His deplorable passion for cards, dice, and what it is polite to call "the turf," embarrassed him with debts all his life, and lord Holland paid the enormous sum of one hundred and forty thousand pounds for him and his brother. The good that might have been achieved with such resources of time, money, and talent in the hands of one so gifted as Fox, it is sad to contemplate. Fox lived to regret this waste bitterly; and when reproached with his private vices by an antagonist, who was his own cousin, in the debate on the Militia Bill (1775), he replied, "he confessed his errors and wished he could atone for them." Had the moral courage thus evinced been allied with sound religious principles, Fox might have escaped the sins that marred his shining talents and degraded his life; but the distinguished statesman lacked that one thing needful, though his better judgment gradually emancipated him from these extravagant vices as youth passed away. It was not, however, without many a relapse and some bitter reappings of the evil seed-time.

There is a ludicrous story of this clever and accomplished man of the world being deceived by a low and cunning old woman into the belief that she could negotiate a marriage between him and a rich West Indian heiress, and she kept him for months on this imaginary treaty for no other purpose than that his carriage might be seen at her door, and thus strengthen her credit in the neighbourhood.

While still a young man, Fox became a member of the cabinet under lord North; distinguished himself by a speech in commendation of Dr. Johnson and his pension, when the great lexicographer was, unknown to him, in the strangers' gallery; was turned out of office for not approving of the prime minister's measures; joined the opposition, and opposed the American war throughout its continuance; saw Sheridan enter parliament; won the friendship of Burke; and, in the debate on his famous bill for the abolition of great sinecures, heard William Pitt, the second son of lord Chatham, make his maiden speech. The eloquence of his future rival charmed Fox. "Incapable of jealousy, and delighted at the sudden display of talents nearly equal to his own, he hurried up to the young member to compliment and encourage him. As he was doing so, an old member of the house, general Grant, passed by them and said, 'Ay, Mr. Fox, you are praising young Pitt for his speech. You may well do so; for, excepting yourself, there's no man in the house can make



such another; and, old as I am, I expect and hope to hear you both battling it within these walls as I have done your fathers before you.' Fox was disconcerted at the awkward turn of the compliment, but young Pitt, with great readiness and felicity of expression, answered, 'I have no doubt, general, you would like to attain the age of Methuselah.' He had not, however, to live so very long to see his prediction fulfilled."

In his place in parliament, Fox was largely instrumental in bringing about the peace with America and France. It should be remembered, to his credit, that he was the unvarying advocate of peace in times when war was too much the fashion, though his political career is singularly interwoven with the domestic misfortunes of George III. It is sad to read of the good old king's trials, complicated as they were by family affairs and politics. George III was well meaning and upright, but his mind was not strong enough for the burden of royal cares at such a critical period. He seems to have entertained a particular dislike to Fox, at first from prejudice against the party of which he was the acknowledged leader, and finally on account of his friendship for the prince of Wales, who at this time thought proper to join the whigs by way of strengthening his cause in that hereditary dissension which for three generations had unhappily characterized the Hanoverian family. Whatever may have been his father's faults, it is generally admitted that the heir apparent was neither an exemplary prince nor a dutiful son, and the king believed he was encouraged by Fox in both vice and disobedience. It appears from his printed correspondence that this suspicion was not well founded; but the private character of the man gave it a hue of probability, and party zeal is too apt to overstep the right. Besides, Fox advocated principles of government which, though now generally received, were then regarded by politicians of the old school as perfectly rebellious. Johnson characterized his speeches on the privileges of the Commons as "a struggle between George the Third's sceptre and Mr. Fox's tongue."

These party strifes have become dead and dry, except to the historian. Through them we find the influence and fame of Fox rising till he came again into office with Lord North, much against the king's will, in what was called the coalition ministry, from its union of whig and tory partisans. When that cabinet was broken by rivals for office, Fox became secretary of state under the duke of Portland, after the king's unwillingness to receive him and his colleagues had kept Britain without a ministry for almost two months. Pitt was offered the high place of power, being only twenty-three, but he wisely declined it, and henceforth the old general's prophecy is in course of fulfilment to the end of these volumes. We see the rival politicians dividing parliament between them, with many a name of after celebrity in the train of each. Concerning their respective merits as orators and statesmen much has been said and written. Grattan spoke of the "negligent grandeur" of Fox's talents; and while friends admired the knowledge and application of Pitt, they could not fail to remember that he was by ten years the junior of his rival. Our pages are not for the discussion of

political principles, but humanity has an interest in some of the measures which Fox supported with all his power. He seconded Grenville in his bill for suppressing the African slave trade, a cause on which he said "no man could be cool;" and to him belongs the honour of first introducing a bill to liberate British India from the grinding monopolies of unscrupulous commerce. That measure was one happy consequence of the trial of Warren Hastings, in which his friend Burke had so large a share. It was lost in spite of the splendid panegyric of the latter on its author. The whigs went out of office; the tories, under Pitt, came in; and the then young premier brought in a bill which preserved the privileges of the East India company, but placed the great eastern empire under the care and control of the British government. Fox made brilliant speeches to prove that the two powers would certainly come into collision; but, as his last noble editor remarks, "The experience of seventy years has blunted arguments which could not be logically refuted." Fearful news of the first French revolution begin to fill the last letters of the second volume, which closes with a promise from lord John Russell to be continued on some future opportunity; but as that might lie far away, considering former promises regarding the work, we have thought it better to give our readers this fragmentary notice of Fox's life and times. Nor can we conclude without a hope that many from it will see cause of thankfulness for the less clouded days wherein their lot is cast, and also learn that birth, talent, and public usefulness are not to be compared with a "godly, righteous, and sober life."

#### A HINT TO THE YOUNG.

If you would enjoy a green and happy old age, begin life in the love and service of God. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Not only is early piety the surest protection against the temptations of youth, and the best preparation for usefulness in middle life, but it gathers and lays up the most precious solaces for old age. Religion is the one thing needful, to sustain us under all the trials which are incident to every stage of human life. How much more, in the last stage, when all other supports give way. Can you conceive of a more melancholy spectacle than that of an old man, or woman, who having outlived all worldly pleasures and satisfactions, has no "joy and peace in believing," no interest or hope in Christ—one who rather "sighs and groans than lives?" Oh, to think of the earthly tabernacle shattered and fallen down, and no "building of God, eternal in the heavens," to receive the immortal spirit! How wretched to linger without God and without hope upon the extreme verge of life! How distressing to see an old person going down into the valley and shadow of death, with no rod and no staff to comfort him! But in this glass, dear youth, you may see yourself, should you live to be old, and when half dead, drag what is left of your mortal body down to the grave, without the consolations of religion.—*American Paper.*

## Varieties.

**THE TURKISH SULTAN.**—According to the special correspondent of the "Illustrated London News" there are rumours at Constantinople that "the sultan is more than half a Christian—at least, more Christian than Mahomedan. This, however," it is added, "can only be matter of surmise and scandal, for the proof of the fact would be fatal to his highness's crown—perhaps to his head. A story, however, which I heard from a trustworthy person, and which I believe to be true, may be worth mentioning. Some time ago, when the mosque of St. Sophia was being repaired, under the superintendence of an Armenian artist, a large quantity of the old plastering fell from the walls, and discovered the pictures of saints and Christian emblems which had been concealed for ages. The sultan, who happened to be present, having come to see the progress of the works, remarked to the artist in French: 'You must cover over all that; the time is not yet arrived?'"

In describing his appearance, when visiting the mosque, the same eye-witness observes:—"I was much struck with the heavy impassable aspect of his highness, who is by no means naturally handsome, and who scarcely looked like a thing of life. He turned his eyes neither to the right hand nor to the left, and appeared as if he saw no one—nothing; that is, no one individually—nothing distinctly. As he sat enveloped in his black cloak, which reached to the tail of his horse, he seemed scarcely able to hold on his seat—so weak and shattered was his *physique*. When the band suddenly struck up a noisy tune he gave a slight start in his seat and a slight twitch of the head, as a mummy would upon being galvanised, and then resumed his wonted wax-doll like repose."

**IMITATION CHAMPAGNE.**—A manufactory of imitation champagne, in which the rhubarb plant is used, has just been established near Eprenay, where it is said as many as from 4000 to 5000 bottles a week are manufactured, at a very low cost.

**GLASS FOR RAILWAY STATIONS.**—The present economical cost of glass, occasioned by the removal of the duty has induced the directors of the Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Dudley and other railways centring in Birmingham, to have the great station in New-street constructed of fluted glass; and the same covering is to be generally adopted in the railway stations between Madrid and Barcelona.

**THE PATENT SEWING MACHINE.**—The production of a machine for sewing, which for many years has been attempted without success, has at length been accomplished by a Lancashire company. The frame-work of the apparatus consists of a flat iron disc, about twelve inches square, which, when in use, is placed upon a table. The work is performed by two needles, one fixed vertically, and the other, which is circular in its form, acting horizontally. By the compound action thus secured every stitch is rendered quite fast in itself, and is quite independent of that which precedes as well as that which follows it. The tightness of the thread is regulated by a screw; and as each stitch is of equal tension, a great advantage is secured in the regular appearance of the work. The length of the stitch, too, by turning a small nut, can be increased or diminished to any degree. The operator, moreover, can so direct the cloth as to cause the sewing to be either straight, angular, or circular. The machine, it is said, will execute as much work as twenty skilful hand-sewers. It is not, however, to be inferred from this that it will operate prejudicially against the interest of those who are at present employed in these mechanical operations. One large firm, by whom many hundreds of stitchers are employed, have declared that they shall not, in consequence of the introduction of the machine, discharge a single hand; but, on the contrary, they believe it will be the medium for increasing the demand already existing in the export trade—the supply of first-rate goods not meeting the demand. They expect, therefore, by the machine, to add to the number and comfort of their work-people, who will, by its use, avoid the numerous ill effects of a sitting posture. Several of these machines, with specimens of their work, may be seen in a window on Holborn Hill.

**ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC JUNCTION.**—Surveys for the great central railway route destined to unite the Atlantic and Pacific are proceeding. The surveyors have already reached the Great Colorado of the west, to which point the passage is found to be a continuous valley, good for a railway and for settlement. The pass at present selected is curiously ascertained to be the primeval buffalo route across these wild regions, this route being adopted by the enterprising surveyors from a knowledge of the fact, that, if they follow it, they will have a line direct "as the crow flies;" the buffalo, it appears, having an instinct in finding his way by the nearest, most direct, and richest route. The surveyors and engineers, in this remarkable exploration, experience, it would appear, in the snowy and inhospitable regions they have to traverse, many perilous adventures unknown to European engineering.

**EARLY USE OF TIN.**—Mr. Layard, in his work on Nineveh, in reference to the articles of bronze from Assyria now in the British Museum, states that the tin used in the composition was probably obtained from Phœnicia; and, consequently, that that used in the Assyrian bronze may actually have been exported, nearly 3000 years ago, from the British Isles.

**THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.**—The cedars have diminished from a forest to a sacred grove, guarded by a priest and protected by a superstition. The prophecy of Isaiah has long since been fulfilled, and "Lebanon is turned into a fruitful field"—"the rest of the trees of his forest are few, that a child may write them." The cedars of Lebanon scarcely occupy a space equal to two acres of ground; but Lebanon is a fruitful field—the mulberry tree yields its luscious fruit, and its more useful leaves, with graceful luxuriance; and, in its valleys, the harvests were spontaneously yielded in autumn.—*New Quarterly Review*.

**METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA IN CHOLERA.**—Mr. J. Mather, of South Shields, has published a letter upon the above subject, in which he shows that the prevalence of cholera is invariably attended by marked electric derangements in the atmosphere; and that when electricity is negative, vitality is depressed, and when positive, it is excited. This is proved by the fact that, when the cholera was so prevalent at Paris in 1849, the deaths rapidly increased till the 8th of June, on which day they numbered 623. On that evening a great thunder-storm shook the city nearly to its foundation. Next day the cholera began to decrease; in ten days there were little more than 100 deaths a day, and in twenty days little more than thirty. "In the same year," says Mr. Mather, "when cholera of a very fatal character was in this district I made daily observations, sometimes twice a day, with a magnet, which in its normal condition carried about 2lb. 10oz. When the atmospheric indications were at the worst, and cholera most fatal, this magnet could only sustain 1lb. 10oz., varying with the virulence of the disease. My hygrometer indicated at the same time an atmosphere nearly saturated with moisture." Mr. Mather adds that, in the north, where the cholera has lately been so very prevalent, the old cholera atmosphere has been as marked as it was in 1849 and 1852.

**PRESERVATION OF VEGETABLES.**—A French agriculturist has just published a process which he has employed for the preservation of beet-root, and which is equally applicable to potatoes, carrots, etc. The plan pursued by him is described as follows:—"At the time of gathering the crop I cut off the leaves, and having first strewed a layer of the ashes of liquites on the ground, place a layer of the beet-root on it, and then go on with alternate layers of ashes and beet-root until the whole are deposited, after which the pile is covered with ashes, so as to keep the roots from the cold, the air, and the light. Where the pile rests against a wall or a partition, ashes must be thrown between it and the roots. For want of the ashes of liquites, coal or turf ashes may be used, or even dry sand; but the last-mentioned article is not so effectual in absorbing the damp. This manner of proceeding prevents the roots from germinating, and consequently preserves them fit for use."